

Karen Secor



I had this beautiful touch of the divine. It happened right here. I wish I could give you just how beautiful it was. I was baptized on Mother's Day when I was twelve into North Holland Reformed Church. I joined the church with my friend, Elizabeth the week before. When I was 21, my 2nd son was born. He was born on Mother's Day nine years after my baptism on 5/9/99. I should tell you about my 1st son. I was pregnant with him at 15 years old. In this state, that is rape. It was never prosecuted. My son was born on 9/11. When 9/11 happened, he watched the twin towers fall in his classroom on live television on his birthday. Maybe that part seems to be ugly, but it isn't. I think they tried to trump my 9/11. You see, I am pro life. I gave birth to my son even though I was so young. I took him to school with me. I was even able to breastfeed him by skipping out of class once in a while. That was a very precious gift. I graduated high school. I finished most of my credit requirements early, even. The last semester was reserved for CNA classes at Careerline Tech Center so I could help take care of people. I never got the chance but I did complete school. Even in this spiritual place, I lost God for a little while. I didn't go to church any more after my son was born. He has never been baptized. Maybe that was supposed to be ugly, too. It isn't. I baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints a little over five years ago, and on that day

the lottery numbers came up my boys' birthdays. It was I AM HERE, all over again. That was a beautiful acknowledgement of my love for Jesus Christ. And of course my children. My oldest son is grown now. He takes some college. That's so amazing to me because the last grade his father completed was the 8th grade. My son conquers all odds. He lives in Holland Michigan, also. This city used to be one of the most spiritual in the country. When I was a girl and attending church there were more churches per capita than any other place in the country. So rumors would have it. I miss those days because I wish that people would understand my expression of my love of God. I wish they could feel it too. My birthday was on Washington's Birthday. And that is the day my uncle was buried. He was a Vietnam Veteran. Well, I think my family has fought quite admirably for the freedoms this country represents. We have fought in every war this country has ever seen. I believe it's for freedom of religion, to prosper and for all the things we love and hold dear. Any ways, I am the United States. I was born for freedom. I was created and brought to this place for something divine. If you seek God and call out to him (even the collective masses), He does answer. He shows Himself here. Why not? This community was earnestly seeking. My heart bleeds for you. I gave so much of my precious time. I volunteered for the city mission. I volunteered at a nursing home playing bingo with a woman who was upset because they made her cut her long beautiful hair. I am hesitant to cut mine, now. I will always remember her. I volunteered at the Holland City Museum. I tried to be something worthy of such a God thing and I wanted this place to be worthy of it, too. I wasn't born here. I was an immigrant from Chicago. I was diagnosed with cerebral palsy at six years old here in Holland. It was not long after we

moved here. To me, all it gave me was have fun in high heels. I think I have a perfectly fit brain. I think I have God, also. I think He came because these were people that earnestly and wholeheartedly sought Him out. So He

came. That is Ottawa County. That is Holland MI.

I am what is unique about Ottawa County.